Vol. CXLIII. No. 1866.

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THE BYSTANDER September 20, 1939

The BYSTANDER

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The Bystander

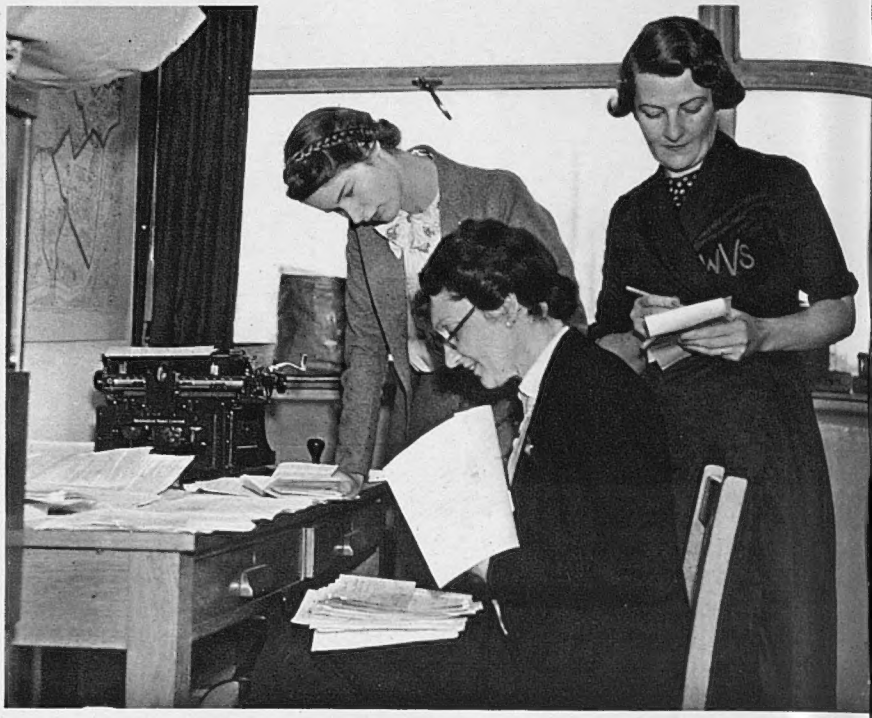
O.H.M.S.—Ralph Richardson, Merle Oberon

The first wartime film is now being made at Denham, and it is being made under Government sponsorship. Denham's usually chatty publicity service, now under the ægis of officialdom, was unable to disclose much about it; even the title is obscure, though unofficially it is said to be *The Lion Has Wings*. At any rate, this is known: the film covers Britain's preparedness in the air, stars Richardson as an R.A.F. officer, Merle Oberon as a nurse (a part she played in her first Hollywood film, *Dark Angel*—1935), and Clive Brook. Brian Desmond Hurst and Michael Powell are in charge of production. Its commencement last week, and Korda's push on with *The Thief of Baghdad*, were significant indicators that the cinemas were not to remain closed for the duration. More stage-folk war news is on page 445

The Home Front

Westminster Transport: A Morning Conference

Lady Winifred Gore is in charge of the transport section of the Westminster W.V.S. branch, the Hon. Edyth Smith is in charge of the branch. The former is the Earl of Arran's half-sister, lives in Chester Square. The latter is the elder sister of Viscount Hambleden



Women's Voluntary Services: A Spell of Office Duty

Lady Dawson of Penn is also working at the W.V.S. Westminster branch. Helping her with the daily mass of correspondence—mainly offers of help and requests for helpers—were Joan Stafford-King-Harman, elder daughter of Sir Cecil Stafford-King-Harman, and Mrs. R. L. Bristowe. *More pictures of women's war work are on pp. 422-3, 436-7*

Red Cross Worker

The Hon. Mrs. Peter Pleydell-Bouverie is vice-president of the Marylebone Division of the Red Cross Society. She is seen leaving her Regent's Park home, a centre of Red Cross activity

Refugee: Donald Budge

A belated American refugee from the "horrors" of war in England was Donald Budge, professional ex-Wimbledon champion. He was given a great send-off on the boat-train for the crowded Washington, among his well-wishers being Garbo-esque screen-actress Glen Alyn, now an ambulance driver

Art Between Shifts: R. Fran Sutton

R. Fran Sutton, an artist who was represented in this year's Academy by "The Blue Jug," has just finished a flower-piece under the difficulties of being an Air Raid Warden. However, the commissioned picture had to be finished despite the war, so Sutton did as herewith!

Straw Navvies: Girl Guide and Eton Boy

Carron Greig, only son of Wing-Commander Sir Louis Greig, spent some of the last days of long leave from Eton helping to unload straw for mattresses. His mother, Lady Greig, was working inside the Lowndes Street depot where he and Girl Guide Betty Bland were on duty. During the last war his father became Comptroller and Equerry to the King, then Prince Albert, and an Acting Lieutenant in the Navy

Mattress Making: the latest War Work

Mrs. Follett and Freda Lady Forres were two of the mattress makers in the Lowndes Square basement where straw palliasses were being sewn and stuffed. Hundreds of extra mattresses have been asked for during the last two weeks for night workers on Civil Defence duty. Lady Forres, a sculptor and artist, spent a long painting holiday in Cornwall before the crisis brought her back to London

Sooner or later the picture on the right was bound to come, so here it is to get it over. "Buddy" is the name of tenacious old bow-legs and he keeps guard outside a block of South London flats

The Bulldog Breed

"Warden's Feet" is the 1939 successor to trench feet, and to many, after hours of patrolling or standing guard, it is no subject to joke about. The British Association of Chiropodists' foot hospital offers free treatment to sufferers, as on the right

Warden's Feet: Free Treatment

A. P. Herbert, Oxford's senior burgess, has placed his barge "Water Gipsy" at the disposal of the River Emergency Service for patrol work. The River Emergency Service have returned the compliment by putting Herbert in command of the barge, and on it he works the usual shifts. In the picture he is taking it easy below decks

Bargemaster: A. P. Herbert on the "Water Gipsy"

Trousers for women is the 1939 successor to the short skirt fashion started in the last war, and every girl who could has rushed for the comfort of slacks. Below is a squad of women ambulance drivers keeping fit (there was nothing else to do), in the streets

P.T. in the Streets: An Ambulance Drivers' Class

Land Girls in Training

Farm Work in Theory and in Practice

Ploughing theory *is studied by means of a model plough on a tray of sand. This class of students were at an agricultural college in Kent. Land Army recruits are sent to colleges, dairies, or big farms for an elementary grounding in their work before being drafted to jobs*

Ploughing practice *follows the sand-tray demonstration. This girl, who also holds the model plough on the left, was making her first solo trip on a tractor, was confidently determined to make her first furrow a straight one. If she could already drive a car she would not find the actual driving of the tractor difficult, but starting the engine is another matter*

Dairy work *will be increasingly taken over by the Land Army. These girls are on duty at a dairy at Cuffley, near Potters Bar. Wartime pay is in accordance with the wages of the district where members are working*

Field work, *hard and blister-producing though it is, is infinitely preferable to office work for girls brought up in the country. This line of Land Army recruits were hoe-ing their way through a root-field below the Sussex Downs, on land worked by the East Sussex Agricultural College, Plumpton*

Milking *could, formerly, only be learnt at the expense of a cow. Now Land Army recruits at Plumpton are set down to a nice amenable set of artificial udders, with an instructor to give them hints on the mysteries of milking*

The tractors *were also in charge of Land Girls at the East Sussex Agricultural College. In July, 10,000 of the 50,000 Land Army members had been enrolled, but since then recruits have come in by the thousand, and training courses have been in full swing all over the country. County Committees organise local arrangements, under the Director, Lady Denman, and the Ministry of Agriculture. The Land Army was covered in our "Women in Uniform" series—"Bystander," July 26th*

Emperor Haile Selassie's daughter *is entering her second war as a fully qualified nurse. When her exiled family came to England she entered a training course at the Hospital for Children, Great Ormond Street. This is now completed and Princess Tsahai is ready to do her bit for the empire that failed to save her father's empire*

The C.-in-C.'s heir, *the Hon. Standish Vereker, has joined the army and is already training. "Sandy" Vereker, twenty-six, should be useful at headquarters; as a Munich graduate he knows Germany, as an ex-honorary attaché at Paris he knows France. He was for some time private secretary to Mr. Duff Cooper, was adopted as Conservative candidate for the Blaydon Division of Durham*

Mr. and Mrs. Feilding *had an advanced war wedding at Ascot last Thursday. The Hon. Basil Hugh Egerton Feilding, trained as a pilot officer in the Auxiliary Air Force, is the third of the late Lord and Lady Feilding's five sons, and a grandson of Lord Denbigh; his wife was Rosemary Eardley Wilmot, whose former home was East Lodge, Ascot, where this picture was taken*

The Passing Hour

War-time Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

So another B.E.F. is in France and the old wheel is turning steadily in the same old groove. Soon will come letters from "Somewhere in France," with S.W.A.K. underneath the flap of the envelope, and ending up with "Hoping that this finds you in the pink as it leaves me at present." Thousands of young men will be learning to say "vinrooge," and how to order eggs, and many a buxom French matron will recall the young men of yesteryear. Where to-day is Eugenie of the Paon d'Or in Bethune, or Germaine of the glove-shop in Doullens?

The German strategy in Poland is interesting to students. At first it appears to break all the rules. Napoleon often said that you should never manœuvre except round a fixed pivot. At Wagram, Borodino, and Waterloo he had no pivot and so made head-on frontal attacks. The Germans in Poland have undertaken a colossal manœuvre of apparently isolated columns. Actually they have a pivot in their Air Force. The motorised columns are not isolated. They are all connected by air power.

There can be no doubt that Germany's lightning advance on Warsaw was made possible by its command of the air. Without the protection of its aeroplanes—ceaselessly breaking up Polish concentrations—the flanks of the isolated columns would have been exposed to devastating counter-attacks. As it is, the famous Polish cavalry has so far been practically useless.

A lot has been said and written about the famous Polish mud, and how it will immobilise the German motorised divisions when the rains come. This is a complete misconception. Poland is a comparatively dry country. Heavy rain is unlikely in the autumn, and later the frost will make the ground perfect for tanks. Snow begins about the beginning of November, and the mud does not come until the snow melts in the spring.

It looks as if Germany's "Peace Offensive" has been abandoned already, and that the Nazi leaders have accepted the realistic view that this is a fight to the finish. If so, they must be considering the position of Italy and Rumania very closely. A stalemate in the Rhineland might tempt them southwards to the French-Italian frontier. Whether the prospect of the arrival of German divisions for a nice war will tempt the Italians is another matter.

I fancy the Rumanian oil wells are occupying the Nazi leaders' minds a good deal. They have made no secret of the fact that they regard Rumania as the vital gap in the British naval blockade, as indeed it is. If they succeed in defeating the Poles, they will certainly begin to blackmail the Bukarest Government.

As in 1914, the German Navy seems to have made no attempt to block the Channel against the passage of the B.E.F. The pocket-battleships—at least two of them—were anchored at Kiel and the submarines were finding it more congenial to attack unarmed merchant vessels.

Field-Marshal Goering, in the course of his remarkable broadcast speech the other day, mentioned that Germany is rather short of copper. It's a pity it's too late for the boys in the City to rally round with another ten thousand tons as they did in the week before the war began. Meanwhile the sandbag boys are keeping up the good work. By charging ninepence for a threepenny bag, they are sandbagging the public all right. If food-prices can be so easily controlled, why not the price of this essential commodity?

A strange feature of the opening weeks of the war is that nobody knows where anybody else is. Letter-writing has been difficult in the general nervous strain; mails irregular; telephone lines overcrowded. People have simply faded away, and the soldiers and sailors have melted into the mists. It gives a queer air of unreality to it all. One thinks of the beginning of a war as an affair of cheering and brass bands and waving good-bye at Victoria, and so on. At present the tension is vague and unreal. The first bomb will alter all that.

German propaganda is, and always has been, a mysterious mixture of efficiency and stupidity. A wonderful organisation ticks over smoothly for hours and then suddenly ruins everything with a superb gaffe. For instance, the gent who commands the Nazis in America announced that the Athenia had been

The Red Cross Society's President, *the Countess of Limerick, has been plunged as much as anyone into a rush of war organisation; she is seen here outside the Society's West End headquarters with Lt.-Col. A. E. Lawrence, county director. Lady Limerick is a soldier's daughter and a soldier's wife; her father was Lt.-Col. Sir Henry Trotter; her husband the fifth Earl, saw the last war in Egypt, Gallipoli and France, is now honorary colonel of the 11th Light A.-A. Brigade, T.A.*

The former Attorney-Gen., *Sir William Jowitt, is, with the help of his wife and daughter Penelope, entertaining a hundred evacuee children from Gipsy Hill. Entertaining means entertaining in this case, for Sir William takes much trouble over his guests, while Lady Jowitt gives them film shows in the evenings*

torpedoed by Churchill's orders. A wave of nausea swept over the States. In Berlin last week a radio talk described the miserable, terrified gloom of London at night compared with the gay, brilliant, flood-lit gaiety of Berlin, and it was immediately followed by the official statement that anyone showing a light in the street would be severely punished.

CANADA'S entry into the war complicates the position of the United States, because, of course, the Arms Embargo now applies to Canada as well. Thoughtful Americans are also fully aware of what the implications of an Allied defeat would be upon America. Naturally, no one over here considers for one instant the possibility of such a thing. But you can imagine an American pondering the matter and thinking: "The Gestapo in Ottawa? Hm!"

I WONDER how many men who held high posts in 1914 are still in high posts to-day? Mr. Churchill naturally is the first to come to mind. Then there is General Smuts, Marshal Pétain and General Weygand, and the famous Burgomaster Max of Brussels. Sir John Simon was, I think, a law-officer in 1914. I can't think of any others at the moment, except that General Gamelin was "chef de cabinet" to General Joffre in 1914.

MY spies—a formidable and highly-organised body—report that there are signs of an impending shortage of safety-razor blades. Presumably the shortage—if there is one—would later be made up by imports from America. But it will be annoying if I have to learn to use the "cut-throat" at my advanced age.

THE arguments in favour of the opening of theatres and cinemas for a certain number of hours a day are very strong. Not least among them is the fact that, as a place of entertainment, the pub was having it all its own way. The number of drunks that one saw—or rather heard—after 11 p.m. was steadily increasing, to the danger of pedestrians, cars, and the drunks themselves. I wonder when the "No-Treating" rule will be re-introduced.

IT gives one quite a shock of surprise to see a child in the street in London, and then the shock gives way to a double sort of anger—anger that the parents should not have let it go to the country, and wild anger against the world that a child should have to carry a gas-mask.

Another sight that gives one quite a surprise is a real policeman. The streets are almost entirely manned by the War Reserve police in their blue tin-hats and neat blue uniforms. But where are the regulars? Gone copping? And if so, whom?

OLD-FASHIONED expression brought up-to-date. "You cur! Would you hide behind a woman's trousers?"

INCIDENTALLY, while we are discussing such matters, already within a fortnight of the outbreak of war an age-old phenomenon has begun to appear. Skirts are at least two inches shorter than they were before September 3rd. This is an invariable rule. Whenever a war breaks out, in whatever country or century, feminine fashions become more "daring," reaching their climax about a couple of years after the war is over. Then they swing to the other extreme.

STROLLING down the Strand the other day in an absent-minded state, thinking of this and that, I glanced casually into a shop-window, and in a moment I could not remember whether I was in 1914 or 1939. There were two coloured pictures in that window which took me back twenty-five years, pictures of exquisite ladies in comparative déshabillé. "Kirchner," I cried, to the astonishment of the passers-by, "Rafael Kirchner," and, by thunder! they were. No one will understand this paragraph except old comrades-in-arms. But who cares?

SCENE: outside an Air-Warden's Post, 4.30 a.m.

A Warden, just out of bed and beginning his shift of duty, is reflecting that 4.30 a.m. is a poisonous hour at which to start a day, even without a European war. Enter stranger.

STRANGER: Where can I get a gas-mask?

WARDEN: Round the corner. But the office doesn't open till 8 a.m.

S.: That 's a pity. I 've just arrived to take over a new job of National Service, and I may be busy at any minute.

W.: What is your job?

S.: I 'm the keeper of the new mortuary. [*Exit, whistling gaily.* WARDEN *sits down on the kerb and ponders.*]

Beginning Next Week—

"The Story of Old Bill, 1914-1918"

by Captain Bruce Bairnsfather

Illustrated with drawings from the original "Fragments from France."

Cannons of Hollywood

Married in the Country

Mr. Desmond Reid and Miss Anne Paget

Instead of their big October wedding at the Brompton Oratory, Desmond Reid and Anne Paget were married quietly at Banbury, Warwickshire, on September 8th. They announced their engagement in June. Desmond Reid is the younger son of Colonel and Mrs. Lester Reid, of Thorpe Mandeville, Banbury. Anne Paget is the lovely younger daughter of Major and Mrs. J. B. Paget, of Ibstock Place, Roehampton. She is eighteen, and her husband is twenty-one. Her elder sister, Mrs. Guy Carleton-Paget, now lives not far from the Reids, at Little Tew, in Oxfordshire

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

IN *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* Slogger H. G. Wells, who was less peevish and omnipotent in those days, genially describes the British Press at the outbreak of the last Great War as "chattering like a shipload of monkeys." This time even the Slogger must admit that the boys are keeping their heads. Except for the *London Gazette*, which, going haywire for the first time in its dignified existence, described Mr. Churchill the other day as a K.G. and a D.S.O., and one of the 2,000,000-circulation dailies, which excitedly described a premature break-through by the French, the newspapers have entered the present war with commendable sobriety, like the populace. Amid the increasing whirlwind of mixed news and rumours from all over Europe and the crescendo of denunciation and charges and counter-charges of lying, it isn't easy to discern the truth; and when you take into account the Fleet Street temptation to scoop, which tortures those boys as unremittingly day and night, as hunger, thirst, and luscious visions tortured the early ascetics of the Egyptian Desert (whom they greatly resemble), you must admit they're so far doing pretty well. In due course, when the preliminary tunings-up are over and the massed military orchestras burst into the overture, *fortissimo*, we hope to award them the same certificate of good conduct and cleanliness.

Meanwhile, dismiss all visions, inspired by Hollywood films, of newspaper offices like loony-bins full of hysterical paranoiacs in eyeshades rushing madly about and yelling insults and threats, brandishing proofs and scissors, popping eyeballs, and foaming. The calm of those Fleet Street offices we know personally is, at the moment, extreme. No bank could be more free from turmoil or chatter, no stumer cheque could be examined and rejected with more stony dignity than that recent story, for example, that the Germans are dropping poisoned chocolates from the air. In 1914 that would have made front-page news.

Clown

THE admirable Fernandel, the gangling horse-faced film comedian—remember him as the village booby in *Le Rosier de Madame Husson*?—is apparently such a riot among his fellow-soldiers on the Maginot Line that his superiors would like a Fernandel in every fortress. Which idea, it seems to us, is worth considering. One professional clown attached for pay and rations to every battalion of our own Army would affect the troops' moral considerably. There is always one amateur *farceur* to a platoon, but his repertoire is necessarily limited, and as the temper of his superiors is uncertain, he is often in the soup. A recognised comedian, employed as such and wearing a neat cap-and-bells badge on the left sleeve, would be more or less immune, like the poets and monkeys formerly kept by rich women. For this there is honourable precedent, that of the jongleur Taillefer ("Hacksteel") who rode before the Norman troops at Hastings, singing loudly from the Song of Roland and tossing his sword into the air and catching it again. Without Taillefer the sight of all those rows and rows of dumb blond Saxon pans, each crowned with a frowsy mat of tow, would probably have dispirited the Normans extremely, as they do us. Cheered by song, they waded into the mob like blazes, to the great benefit of Posterity.

The job of an Army clown would, of course, be no sinecure. Sergeant-majors would see there was no shirking, liverish colonels might prove swinish at times, and the troops themselves in unreceptive mood might kick his pants very bitterly. This would tend to make a clown more and more serious. In the end he'd probably be discharged the Army with ignominy and sentenced to a few years on *Punch*.

Houpla

EXCEPT that the boys have remarkable powers of resilience and bounce up again like rubber balls, we should think our tame Press astrologers as a body would take some time to recover from the woundy crack below the belt the stars have given them. Right up to the British declaration of war, so far as we can make out, the stars were leading these their official buddies up the garden path with twinkling, bland assurances that everything was going to be just fine. We gather also that most of the Red Indian spirit-guides who foretell things took a smart purler as well, being painfully unaware of what was evolving in the lodges of the paleface and the mind of Big Chief Fighting-Umbrella. How right (we thought) Nanny was when she used to say, "Ask no questions and you'll be told no lies"; and what a shame the occult boys forget these gnomic utterances of their infancy! However, they'll soon recover. What we were much more worried about these past few days was not being able to find in print the message of some soothsayer, pythoness, seer, or warlock who had predicted to Hitler many years ago that he would come to a big, nasty end. It seemed hardly right for the Government to start the war without that ritual assurance. At length we found it, and all was well.

Before long, we trust, the Great Pyramid boys will work out something similar from the measurements of the Pyramid of Cheops, and perhaps the Johanna Southcott boys will get that box opened, or

"It serves you right for eating biscuits in bed!"

Standing By . . .

(Continued from page 427)

X-rayed, and find a similar prophecy of Hitler's doom rolled up in an old bedsock. Twenty-five years ago the augurs and magicians were predicting the violent end of the ex-Kaiser with equal zing, and nobody who was present at that solemn scene in Whitehall when His Imperial Majesty was publicly hanged, as faithfully promised by Mr. Lloyd George and other leading politicians, can ever forget how the gipsy's warning came awfully true.

Dope

ONE advantage we enjoy to-day, which we didn't twenty-five years ago, is being able to switch on the radio and hear the enemy damning us to blazes at the top of his voice any evening. Seeing it in print is a poor substitute for hearing it, and the war of words is twice as amusing already as it used to be. There 's a lot of what is politely called " propaganda " to look forward to as this war wears on, but we trust our own boys will keep their imaginations on the snaffle. The German Corpse Factory story, their admitted peak effort in the last schemozzle—we know the genius who thought it up—was really a bit thick, even if you agree that anything goes in wartime, when " the blindest bluffs hold good, dear lass, and the wildest tales are true." It 's impossible not to keep thinking of Slogger Kipling at the moment. He 'd have been in this war bald-headed and hell-for-leather, prose and verse, quasi-Scriptural and comminatory, whether we needed him or not.

We wouldn't. We don't really need the more heated booksy boys at all, so far, because (*a*) our case is clear enough anyway ; (*b*) this is a much soberer and more normal war in every way than the last—on our side at least ; and (*c*) the Nazis have been in a state of epilepsy so long that if they ever stop foaming it will seem odd. Did you ever listen to the English broadcasts from Hamburg ? Right up to the outbreak of hostilities they were first-class entertainment. A brass band played " Auld Lang Syne " all through, very conscientiously. Then an implacable metallic-voiced robot let the English have it, showing us to be knaves, liars, bullies, perjurers, and the oppressors of Europe. To compete with that sort of thing is folly, and we hoped the present Ministry of Information boys will model themselves on the Ministry of Propaganda style towards the latter end of the last war, when a very civil lot of wee fellas, as the Orange boys would say, held desks there, most of them officers invalided from the Front. Among them were A. A. Milne, Lord Dunsany, Patrick McGill, J. B. (" Beachcomber ") Morton, Hugh Pollard—to whom Nationalist Spain owes something, since he was one of the chaps who flew Franco at the eleventh hour over from the Canaries—and a few others we forget. These boys never knowingly indulged in whimsy. For one thing, the great days of purple propaganda were over. For another, they were bored with the whole shooting match, like everybody else.

Racket

ONE of the British Association pundits has just announced his conviction that the Hitler Youth is by no means as fit as it looks, owing chiefly to overdoing the fitness stuff. This sounds plausible enough. If you turn up the album in which you preserve these pieces of crystalline prose week by week, you 'll find that at least once we 've placed on record a suspicion that some of our own Fitness Girls are just outsize sissies. All that stamping along in column-of-route with grim, inflexible pans and " Fitness Wins " embroidered on the chest may be merely what Mr. Runyon calls the phonus-bolonus. Some of those formidable muscly biceps and calves may even be blown up with bicycle pumps a few minutes before the big parade. We 've never met a Fitness Girl, so we wouldn't know, the Fitness Racket having always seemed to us such typically Nordic poohbah that we could never take it seriously ; our feeling being that if half that portentous organisation and fuss were expended on developing the Island mind instead it would fill a long-felt want. Well, we 've now got a B.A. professor panning the racket as well. Let 's hope he 's right, as professors sometimes are.

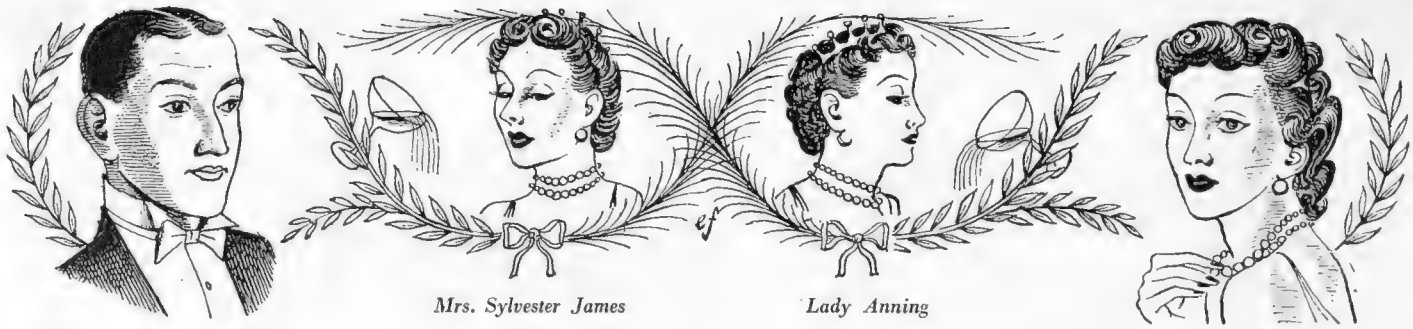
On the other hand (apropos the Hitler Youth) it might be just as well not to make a regular thing of depreciating the adversary, which is a silly trick. The Germans are pretty tough fighters and obey orders like robots, fit or otherwise. There are times in the last war when they attacked like endless lines of clockwork figures in a sort of macabre Aunt Sally game, and we doubt if many of them would have interested the Fitness Council. One of the curious things about the last war, in fact, was that whenever you encountered a chappie who looked fearfully pink and fit you could bet he had a nice job somewhere behind the line, giving him plenty of opportunity to touch his toes every morning and breathe deep. The pallid haggard wrecks stumbling out of the trenches at intervals were the chaps who did the work. Fitness undoubtedly wins, but not necessarily—correct us if ignobly wrong—wars.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" Three million and one . . . Three million and two . . ."

"Old Bill" on the Home Front: By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

"Well, I've poured it out for yer, but the Warden says yer mustn't take yer gas-mask off for another hour yet"



Mr. Cribbage *Mrs. Sylvester James* *Lady Anning* *Mrs. Jack Chrichton*

The Wedding of the Jackal

"When the rain falls and the sun shines at the same time, that is called the Wedding of the Jackal."

A Series by Peter Traill

No. 3. "Wedding"

"A WEDDING in town is a sickly enough affair, but when people choose the country to make asses of themselves in, that is trop fort."

"All the same you are going," Mrs. Jack Chrichton challenged Mr. Cribbage.

"And why? Not, I assure you, to wish the bridal couple good luck, but simply because my family aren't attending. As a rule they have a pew at all these functions, but the girl has offended them. Anyone who offends my family has my heartiest approval, and I propose to show it by making an appearance."

"Uncommonly nice of you." There was a slight edge of sarcasm to Mrs. Jack Chrichton's answer, but her blue eyes remained wide open and fairly innocent. "Then, of course, you 'll motor me down?" She asked the question as if the answer was a foregone conclusion, but Mr. Cribbage speedily undeceived her.

"I shall do no such thing," he said. "It 's bad enough to have to go to a wedding, but to arrive there with someone else's wife is simply courting disaster."

Mrs. Jack Chrichton looked puzzled. "I don't quite follow you."

"My dear Prudence, the first thing which a woman does at a wedding is to play Happy Families. She looks around her and begins to pair everybody off. If I arrived with you, my reputation would be entirely ruined."

"What about Jack: you 've forgotten him, haven't you?"

"So 's everyone else, that 's the trouble."

Mrs. Jack Chrichton got up, and, turning her back on Mr. Cribbage, looked out of the window for a moment. When she turned round again she was smiling. "I can get plenty of other people to lift me down," she said.

"I don't doubt it," Mr. Cribbage answered.

The wedding, such as it was, bore a marked resemblance to other functions which are held in the country from time to time. The church was too small, the congregation too large; the bride's veil blew about like a streamer, the bridesmaids looked more like relations than ever, and the best man had made no arrangements about parking the cars. Mr. Cribbage, with a few well-chosen words and better-chosen half-crowns, was permitted by a large majority, composed of Mrs. Judge, the sexton's wife, her ten children, eight of the nine others who belonged to the verger's sister, and the village idiot, to leave his in the middle of the road. Having locked the engine and the doors so that no further bribery and corruption from a later comer would avail to make the majority move it, he went into the church. At least, he got as far as the porch, but on seeing the crowds, he went out again, and made his way round to the vestry door. Opening that, he found the choir robing, and putting on his most diffident air, he addressed the local incumbent.

"I 'm Mr. Cribbage," he said. The choir-boys regarded him with open mouths, and the clergyman, who had had the present service taken off his hands by a couple of bishops and a canon or two, was so pleased that someone was taking a little notice of him, that he came forward to greet him with alacrity.

"Yes?" he said encouragingly.

"I don't suppose you know me, but I 'm known in London as the man with the golden voice; of course, I don't suppose that 's of much account with the magnificent choir I see you have here; at the same time the family would be very pleased if you could squeeze me in."

"My dear sir, this is a great honour. I never knew that the bride's family possessed so distinguished a friend." He took him to the corner of the vestry where he kept his bicycle, and the pair of them communed in low tones across the saddle. The upshot was that Mr. Cribbage took off

(*Concluded on page* ii)

Yevonde

Collaborators on a Postponed Play

Marguerite Steen and Derek Patmore would, but for the war, have been the latest pair of playwright partners. They have together written a new comedy, *The French for Love*, which was due for production last Monday week at the Richmond Theatre before coming to the West End. In it Alice Delysia was to have made her return to the stage with Hugh Wakefield playing opposite her. Marguerite Steen was on the stage herself before she started her career as a novelist in 1926, before that was a dancing mistress, and earlier still she taught in a school. Her most recent book was *Family Ties*, one of the most successful novels of the year. Derek Patmore is known for his biography of his great-grandfather, Coventry Patmore, his books on interior decoration, and recently for his highly topical *Invitation to Roumania*. He has written another play in collaboration with Richard Aldington, and also knows the stage as a designer of decor

***Rehearsals** took place at the Old Vic in the far-off days of peace—about a month ago. Here are Robert Donat, Max Adrian, Andrew Cruickshank and Constance Cummings at work among the crates and boxes of the rehearsal room. Andrew Cruickshank married Curigwen Lewis last month*

***The producer** of "The Good-Natured Man" is Tyrone Guthrie (left), the new director of the Vic-Wells organisation. Book in hand, he was taking a scene with Sonia Dresdel, Robert Donat and Manning Whiley*

As Miss Richland, Constance Cummings looks romantically lovely

The First "First Night" of the War

"The Good-Natured Man," by the Old Vic Company at Buxton

***The comedy** of the above picture belonged rather to the rehearsal at which it was taken than to Goldsmith's lines or stage directions. The players are Constance Cummings and Stewart Granger. Miss Cummings is also Juliet, and Granger is in the Shakespeare and Shaw plays*

***Goldsmith's** Mr. Croaker is Robert Donat (right), Olivia is Sonia Dresdel, Leontine is Stewart Granger. Sonia Dresdel is an actress new to the Old Vic Company in leading parts. She made a considerable success at Buxton in two of the first three plays of the repertoire—as Abigail in "Viceroy Sarah," and as Judith in "The Devil's Disciple"*

***Mrs. Croaker** is played by Marie Ney, and Lofty by Max Adrian. Marie Ney's other parts in the Old Vic plays are the Duchess of Marlborough in "Viceroy Sarah," the Nurse in "Romeo and Juliet," and Mrs. Dudgeon in Shaw's "The Devil's Disciple"*

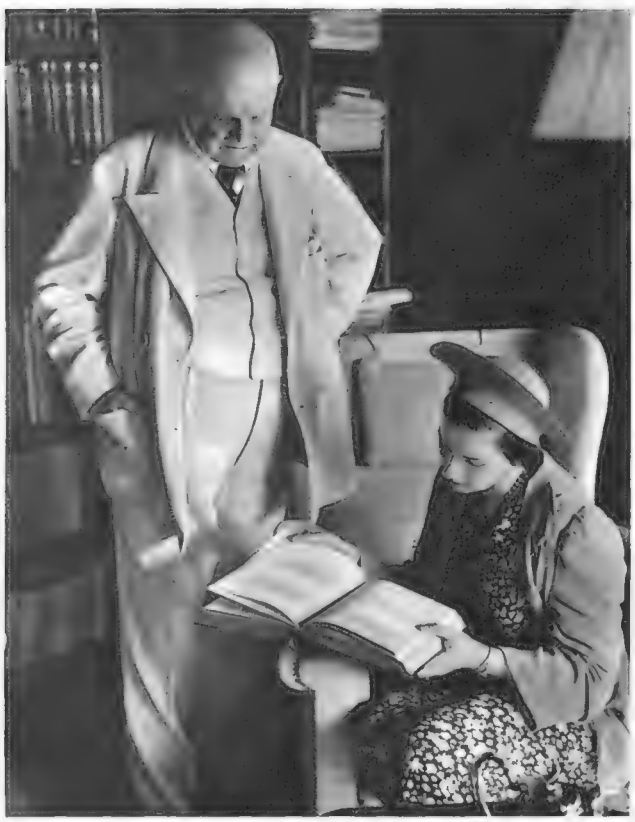
First with a new production in the narrow field of reopened theatres was the Buxton Opera House, where the Old Vic had begun their festival season in the last week of crisis. Three of their plays had first performances before the curtain fell on peace. After a week's darkness on the stage, the fourth play, *The Good-Natured Man*, was presented on Monday, September 11th, at 5.30. So this production of Oliver Goldsmith's comedy makes history twice over, by giving England its first wartime first night, by being the first serious revival of the play for a hundred years. Critics and audience were delighted with the gaiety, gusto and speed of the acting, and, above all, with the comic absurdity of Mr. Donat's Croaker. This appears to be his big success of the season. The Buxton Festival was planned to last until September 23rd. What happens to the company after that will presumably depend on the decision of the authorities as to theatres reopening in London. The wisdom of offering Londoners some alternative form of entertainment to visiting bars and public-houses was last week being increasingly pressed on the attention of the Government

***The ear-pinching** episode on the right is Goldsmith as produced by Tyrone Guthrie, who usually likes his comic effects broad and simple. Robert Donat (suffering at the hands of Stewart Granger and the laughing eyes of Constance Cummings) is also the Old Vic Romeo, and Dick Dudgeon in the Shaw play*

Jean Sibelius at His Home in a Pine Forest

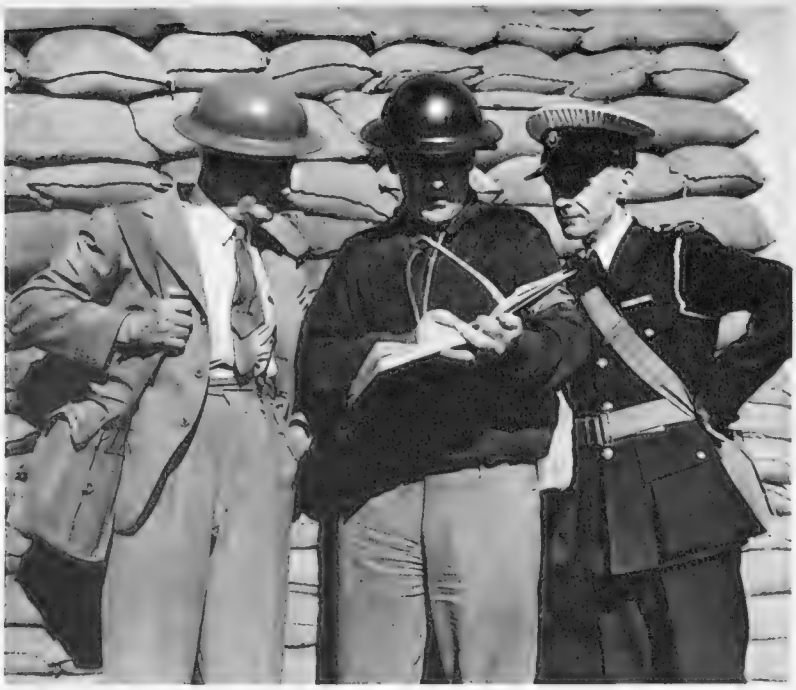
Jean Julius Christian Sibelius, greatest of living composers, is more than a composer to his countrymen. He is a tremendous national figure, revered for his music, his intense patriotism and love of his land, its history and rich folk-lore, and for his world fame which has made Finland more than a name to thousands in far-distant countries. He will be seventy-four in December, married forty-eight years ago Aino Järnefelt, has three daughters. He has lived in austere seclusion at Villa Ainola for thirty-four years. He has not long recovered from a serious illness. Last autumn, English music lovers had the chance of hearing all his seven symphonies and many of his other orchestral works at the Sibelius Festival arranged by Sir Thomas Beecham with the London Philharmonic Orchestra. The composer is said to be now deep in his eighth and ninth symphonies, but he consistently refuses to discuss his unfinished work

Visitors *to Villa Ainola are few. A fellow artist whom Sibelius welcomes is Aaltonen, the leading Finnish sculptor, whose statue of a Finnish woman for the New York Fair aroused considerable controversy. All Finland is now concentrated on the Olympic Games planned for next year at Helsinki. If these do not have to be cancelled, they may well establish this beautiful country of lakes and forests as a new centre of tourism and prosperity. The great composer's home will become increasingly a place of pilgrimage, and he has recently allowed himself to become a little more accessible, and submits to something he has hitherto detested — the taking of photographs at Villa Ainola*



In his library *Sibelius showed some of his treasures to Baroness Isa von Troil, of the Finnish Foreign Office. She is looking at a Japanese translation of Finland's national poem, the "Kalavater," sent to Sibelius by some Japanese admirers. Foreign visitors, if they do not know the strange, musical tongue of Finland, are entertained by Sibelius, with old-fashioned charm, in English, French, German, or Swedish*

In his garden *the bald-headed, rugged-faced composer strolls and smokes a cigar. Part of the grounds are laid out as a formal English garden of which he and Mme. Sibelius are especially proud. The house, of logs and fieldstone, stands at the edge of a pine and birch forest, can be seen among the trees from the wheat-bordered road to Tuusala. It is about an hour's drive from Helsinki. Sibelius spends many hours walking in the forest*



General Sir Hubert Gough *now commands for four hours a day a Chelsea A.R.P. depot, to which is attached actor Lewis Casson. With the tin-hatted A.R.P. men is Commander Broder, who belongs to the Red Cross. General Gough played a big part in evacuating children from Fulham. In the last war he commanded the Fifth Army, retired in 1922*

Two sisters *working at Chelsea A.R.P. are the Hon. Mrs. Assheton and the Hon. Jocelyn Hotham. The former's husband, Ralph Assheton, is Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Labour and National Service. The latter was early in the field of A.R.P. work, is a Transport Commandant. Talking to them is Miss M. Buller (left)*

Our Air Raid

By Mary Dunn

Author of "Lady Addle of Egg" and "Beware of the Dog."

"ANDREW, wake up . . . wake up. *Andrew!* That was the air-raid warning. We must get up quickly. What time is it? Seven-thirty—what a silly time to have a raid. Don't bother about shaving; I'll see about the children if you close all the windows. Nannie . . . Nannie, did you hear the air-raid warning? No. It wasn't the workmen's hooter—that goes hoo-oo-oo-oo and this was hoo-ow-oo-ow-oo. Are the children dressed? Where are their gas-masks? Hugh has lost his? Oh, Hugh, darling, that's very naughty of you. Where did you have it last? You were building a sand-castle over it! But, darling, Mummy told you before, when you put the kitten to sleep in it, that you must *not* play with gas-masks until we all have to put them on and look like baby pandas. Ethel, would you go out to the sandpit and see if you can find Master Hugh's gas-mask? And Nannie, when the children are ready bring them downstairs and tell the other maids, will you? I must finish dressing. Andrew. . . . Oh, you haven't gone to sleep again! You are awful. *Andrew!* . . . *Air Raid Warning.* Yes, and for goodness' sake get a move on. I must go and check the things in the gas room. What is it, Ethel? Master Hugh's gas-mask—good. Take it to him, will you, and get your own and come down at once? Andrew, would you—— Oh, *Andrew*—what *am* I to do if you keep on going to sleep like this? Jane, darling, give me that sponge to wake up Daddy with, will you? . . . There! Are you really awake now? Well, we're going down without you and you'll have to follow on. Come on, Jane. . . . Hugh and Nannie. . . . There you are, Gertie. Now then. . . .

"Listen. Was that a 'plane? Or wasps? Wasps, I think. But, after all, it might have been a 'plane. I think we had better get down quickly. Come along, all of you. No, Hugh, you can't wait for Daddy. He'll be down in a minute, anyway. Here we are. Now, then, let's quickly check over. Sand, buckets, water — good. Where's the shovel? In the scullery? What's it doing there? Oh, Gladys, you mustn't use it for the stove, even if yours is broken. Go and get it, will you?—and take your gas-mask with you. Now . . . pulp, nails, hammer—where's the hammer gone? What! Daddy took it? He's no business to take it, it belongs here, and I bought it specially from Woolworth's for this room. Jane, darling, run up as quick as you can to Daddy and ask him where he left the hammer, and also tell him to hurry, will you? Wait a moment . . . is that a 'plane? . . . No, of course, it's a cow; how silly of me. Off you go . . . don't forget your gas-mask.

"Now, where had we got to? First-aid box, scissors—no scissors. Oh, I remember now. I had to take them yesterday because I couldn't find the flower scissors. Never mind, they're not vital. Lemonade . . . biscuits . . . we don't seem to have many biscuits; but, of course, we ate them all in the rehearsal last week. Ethel, would you go to the kitchen and bring another tin of biscuits . . . take your gas-mask with you. . . . Oh, and Ethel, find out what Gladys is doing and tell her to come back. She's had hours to find the shovel. Hello, Jane, what did Daddy say? He's asleep! Really, he is—— Did you wake him? Are you quite sure? Good girl. Now, is that everything? Oh, I know what we've never brought—the wireless. Ethel—no, she's not here, nor is Gladys; Gertie, go and fetch the portable wireless from the nursery, please; take your gas-mask, too. Wait a minute. That sounded rather like the gas rattle. . . . Can you see through the cellophane window? What is it? The milk float! That's all right, you can go.

"Now, let's see what games we've got. Cards, halma, dominoes; that's plenty. No, Hugh, darling, you don't want the race game. Well, it's too late now, darling. I'm awfully sorry, darling, but you can't have it. No, you—well, you—oh, for goodness' sake don't cry. If you really want it so badly, I dare say Nannie will be very kind and slip up and get it for you. And Nannie, will you also hammer on our bedroom door and also tell Ethel and Gladys and Gertie to hurry. We ought all to have been in this room ages ago.

"Now, what shall we do while Nannie's gone? Shall we look at the lovely new book about the rabbits? Come on, then. . . . Oh, bother, there's the telephone. You two had better come with me while I answer it as it's in the next room. . . . Hello . . . Diana, why aren't you in your gas room? *What?* The All Clear? But I thought that was the Warning. Goodness! Hold on, I must tell the others. Nannie, Gladys, Ethel . . . that was the All Clear we heard. We must have slept right through the Warning. Andrew, do you hear that? The air-raid warning was—— Oh, Gosh! he's gone to sleep again."

A.T.S.: Dame Helen Vaughan is Director of the Auxiliary Territorial Service, the women's organisation under the War Office, was appointed in July. She was photographed coming out of the W.O. with the Hon. Jacqueline Vereker, daughter of Lord Gort, C.-in-C. of the British Field Forces

A.F.S.: Mrs. Ronald Aird wears the blue overalls of the Auxiliary Fire Service. She is the younger daughter of Sir Godfrey Baring, Bt., and wife of the Assistant Secretary to the M.C.C. at Lord's

Women in Uniform

On War Service

Three chauffeurs *in the A.T.S. At the top right is Lord Gort's chauffeur, Mrs. Gordon Vereker, whose husband is a kinsman of her "master." On the right is Miss Hersey Baird, who drives for another soldier, Gen. Sir Walter Kirke, the new C.-in-C. of the Home Forces. She is twenty-three, the youngest daughter of the late W. A. Baird, and Lady Hersey Baird, of Lennoxlove, Haddington. Right, below, is Miss Elspeth Ironside, the only daughter of General Sir Edmund Ironside, the C.I.G.S. She is sharing the duty of chauffeur to Sir Walter Kirke with her friend, Hersey Baird*

Red Cross: *The Hon. Elspeth and the Hon. Joan Hope-Morley were working, still in civilian clothes, at a London depot enrolling recruits for the Red Cross, first-aid, and stretcher parties. They are the daughters of Lord and Lady Hollenden*

Three War Brides

Yevonde

The Lady Jean Christie

A Yorkshire couple whose wedding was brought forward owing to the international situation were Hector L. Christie and Lady Jean Dundas. They were married quietly on September 2nd at Middleham. He is the only son of W. L. Christie, of Jervaulx Abbey, Yorks. She is the youngest daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Zetland, of Aske, Richmond, Yorks. Her father remains Secretary for India and Burma in the new Government, the post he has held since 1935

The Hon. Mrs. Packe

Navana

Another Yorkshire bride who had a quiet country wedding was the Hon. Margaret Lane-Fox, who was married to Captain Charles Packe on September 4th at All Saints', Bramham. They had planned their wedding for September 30th. He is in the Royal Fusiliers, is the elder son of Lieut.-Col. E. C. Packe, of Great Glenn Hall, Leicester. She is the youngest of the four daughters (all of whom are now married) of Lord and Lady Bingley, of Bramham Park, Boston Spa, Yorks.

Cannons of Hollywood

Mrs. R. J. Shaw-Hamilton

Helen Mary Campbell married Major Robert Jemmett Shaw-Hamilton, Royal Artillery, last week at St. Jude's, Courtfield Gardens. She is the daughter of Sir John and Lady Campbell, of 108, Coleherne Court, S.W.5. Her father is Financial Adviser to the Secretary of State for the Colonies; for thirteen years represented the Government of India on the League of Nations opium advisory committee. Her husband is the son of the late W. J. Shaw-Hamilton, of Dartan, Co. Armagh

Stag Party

It is a party where men are men and the whisky is Johnnie Walker. This is a whisky which has all the virtues, just as it has *all* the finest whiskies of Scotland in its blend. Over a century's accumulated skill goes to combine these whiskies in perfect harmony. The result is the smoothest and most satisfying drink a man could ask for. The blending does it!

Gentlemen!

your **Johnnie Walker—**

For your throat's sake smoke
CRAVEN 'A'
CORK TIPPED
CRAVEN "A"
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES
CRAVEN "A" 20
10 for 6½ • 20 for 1/1
CARRERAS LTD. 150 YEARS REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

Gardener's Chronicle

Random Notes

By R. C. Jenkinson

Garden Economy

It is difficult, in the midst of the present turmoil and of unaccustomed and, one hopes, precautionary duties, to think calmly of gardening. We know now that we can no longer carry out the ordinary garden programme, but must concentrate on food production immediately. But while production is the first call, beds and borders need not be drab and unattractive. All summer bedding plants should be dug up and burnt or stored, according to the class of plant used, and the beds prepared for their culinary sisters; that is to say, trenched and manured. If herbaceous borders are to come in for similar treatment, the best plan is to keep one end of the border as stock ground, and plant up a few of each variety, at any rate of the rarer and newer plants, from which one can propagate one's supplies for redoing the border in more peaceful times.

It is quite amusing to think out how attractive these vegetable plantations can be made. Beetroot, with its ruby purple leaves, and seakale, whose lovely glaucous crimped leaves are good enough for the best herbaceous border, come at once to mind. Carrot and parsley are admirable edging plants. From Mrs. Spry we have learnt the value of the autumn tints of various types of cabbage leaf, red, golden and lovely, soft creamy yellow—such as savoys, broccoli, red cabbage, and brussels sprouts. Jerusalem artichokes, a most valuable crop, containing as they do much sugar, are a fine back-border plant, while scarlet-runner beans over posts or up wire supports are as pretty as they are good. A round specimen bed or two may be mounded up with soil and manure for vegetable marrows. Don't forget that rhubarb leaves, to some people at least, proved in the last war to be highly poisonous. Last, but not least, I comment on a little-known vegetable called spinach beet, whose stalks can be stewed like celery, while its leaves are cooked like spinach—an excellent dish.

Some September Bulbs

The common montbretia is very well known, with its rather stiff, slightly arched sprays of rich orange flowers, as valuable as a cut flower, especially in mixed vases, as it is in the garden. It is foolproof, increasing so fast in a border that every two or three years it needs breaking up and replanting to confine it to its appointed place and to refresh the soil so as to get the best flower result. I am not sure that it is not even more attractive scattered in clumps in a woodland or wild garden and left to look after itself. Some of the new Earlham hybrids are remarkably good: His Majesty, very large orange; Moonlight, pale yellow; and James Coey and E. A. Bowles, tall and dwarf respectively, of an iridescent cinnabar scarlet. Except in warm gardens, however, these must be lifted in early October and stored like dahlias; start them into growth in February in boxes, and plant out in May. Their close cousin, antholyza, also from South Africa, is perfectly hardy; it is greater both in foliage and stature, and has branched sprays of vivid, fiery flowers.

A charming bulbous plant for edging or in clumps in the front of a border is zephyranthes candida from South America, and consequently for a southern exposure. From tufts of grassy onion-like leaves, nine-inch high stems appear, each carrying one snowy crocus-like flower. It is quite easy both to grow and increase. So, also, is its pink relation, Z. carinata, but requiring perhaps a little protection from winter frosts.

The crinums are a magnificent family of Cape bulbous plants, of which two at least we can all grow: C. intermedium and Powellii and their varieties. They have enormous bulbs, for which large deep holes must be dug in any open soil in sun. These bulbs have long snouts from which sprout the pale-green large leaves; at the side of the snout in July and August appear the flowering stems, springing naked like an amaryllis to bear three or more lily-like flowers, white, pale pink, or deep carmine, and scented. They form great fat clumps, and are lovely in and out of doors.

As attractive companions one may well plant dierama or (sparaxis) pulcherima. From a small bulb this throws up narrow grassy foliage and the slenderest wiry stems about three feet high, carrying from seven to nine hanging flowers, white through pink to a deep vinous magenta. Slender though they are, they never break, but sway gracefully in the wind. They should be planted in April, and take a year to establish before giving their flowers. They are most easily raised from seed.

Another delightful plant from Tasmania, with eighteen-inch tufts of hard, narrow, dark-green leaves, is dianella cærulea. The stems grow two or more feet high, carrying a cloud of starry-yellow centred little blue flowers in June, which later form turquoise berries. I found it quite happy in a sunny place, and indifferent to the presence or absence of lime: it would probably not appreciate a stiff cold soil.

Everyone admires and knows how to grow in tubs with winter protection the blue African agapanthus umbellatus. Few people know the smaller hardy ones, A. Mooreanus, and intermedius of the same soft lavender blue colour, but half the height. They are absolutely hardy in a well-drained sunny place, and make the loveliest foil for the tigridias, twelve-inch plants with large saucers of the most vivid hues—scarlet and yellow, white and carmine, with their centres mottled and marked with dark eyes.

Afterwards

Though gardening may be banished from one's mind by less pastoral pursuits, still it is pleasant to imagine in moments of leisure what *would* be out if we were at home—and what *will* be out next spring: so let 's prepare and plant a few things to welcome us—if the war is over!

Seakale in Flower

Our article deals briefly with the decorative quality of vegetables in the garden. Their beauty in vases has long ago been demonstrated by Constance Spry, most famous of modern artists in flower decor. The picture here comes from her book, "Flower Decoration" (Dent; 12s. 6d.), which has in the last five years found its way into thousands of English homes

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bush

"Something practical" will be the basis of your autumn outfit, and in nine cases out of ten that means a suit. For, whatever the weather, a suit does a full day's work and then overtime. You can walk in it, drive in it, cycle in it; it looks efficient at committees and attractive at lunch. For colder days, when the first frosts feel sharp in the mornings, a three-piece outfit is especially useful. It can, of course, be all in one shade, but some combination of plain and plaid, as in the suit shown here from Harrods, Knightsbridge, gives a more flattering line. A change of colour at the hipline can have the same effect as weeks of reducing exercises. Harrods is a real haven for the busy shopper, for when you have chosen your suit—and this is just one model from a very adaptable collection—you can find exactly the right accessories for it in adjoining departments

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

A Polish Patriot

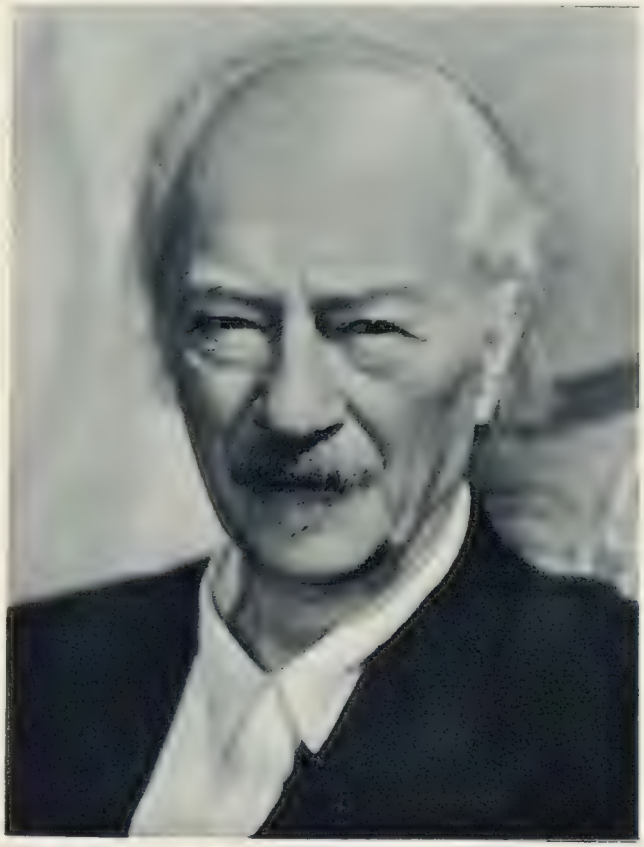
By V. S. Pritchett

One cannot imagine a timelier moment for the publication of Paderewski's *Memoirs* (Collins; 21s.); the only regret is that they at present end in 1914, before his patriotic political career began. This story is to come. But there is no Pole who is not steeped in patriotic feeling from birth. The oppression of Russia on the one hand, and the persecution by the Germans on the other, ensured that. Paderewski was only three when he first felt the Cossack knout. The Cossacks had come to his Ruthenian home to arrest his father. The impression was ineradicable. One understands why Paderewski says that his feeling for Poland came before his feeling for music.

But this is not a political autobiography. It is a real-life story, fresh from the naïve and charming tongue of the pianist. Most autobiographies are written; this one is talked, and Miss Mary Lawton has made an excellent job of recording the talk as it tumbled out of the mouth of a first-class talker. It is serious, it is gay, and it is delightfully candid. Paderewski's early life was dominated by his grave father, an excellent and just man, who was willing to suffer for his opinions, but who did not understand what expert musical tuition was. He was satisfied to see the boy playing eternal duets with his sister and learning the piano from violinists, and Paderewski's musical education went on in such an amateur way that at the age of twenty-five he had to start all over again with five-finger exercises. Even so it was the conviction of the greatest teachers in Berlin, Warsaw and Vienna that he would never make a pianist. In Warsaw they said: "Your future is with the trombone"! For over twenty years he had been playing at music, not working at it; and, as he says, the former, with its facile emotional pleasure, is infinitely more attractive than the pain of real creative work. I would recommend all who think themselves "artistic" to read this lesson, which the *Memoirs* rub in over and over again.

Paderewski's childhood was lonely. At one time the total ages of his only four male companions was 300! For years, after his father came out of prison, the family lived in genteel poverty opposite a Jewish cemetery, and he listened in terror to the night and day wailing of bereaved Jews. The Paderewskis were a tragic family. The mother had died in childbirth—as, strangely enough, the pianist's wife did later—the father was threatened by blindness. The boy tried to cheer everyone up by patriotic misreadings of the Russian papers. No one else could read this language, but he had somehow learned it, and at the age of ten, during the Franco-Prussian war, he used to turn all the French defeats into victories, and even said the French had taken Cologne. This thrilled the old patriots—until they found out the truth. The *Memoirs* are full of odd stories of this kind. He loves to remember the comic mishaps of his career. There is, for example, an extraordinary story about an early concert tour in Russia. In one town, the piano—and as Mr. Bernard Shaw says in his introduction, Paderewski ought to regard the concert grand as the natural enemy of music and man—had hammers which would rise when touched, but would not fall back. He had to hire a friend to flick them back as they rose, and the result was an acrobatic performance by the friend, whose hands flew up and down the back of the piano. Paderewski (members of the audience agreed afterwards) was all right, but the other "player" obviously had genius! The most awful piano story, however, concerns Alma Tadema. Everything to do with that incredible painter is grotesque. He had a piano in which the signatures of all his friends were inlaid. No museum could accept this monstrous signed menu-card, and it now lies, deeply respected, no doubt, but with all the horror of an abandoned curio, in Maples' shop in London.

But this is not a book of anecdotes only. It is an unenvious self-portrait by a genius, unspoiled by literary effects, and of extreme interest both to artists and the public.



Tunbridge

Ignace Jan Paderewski

The "Memoirs"—up to 1914—of the great Polish patriot and pianist have just been published, and are reviewed on this page. He was the first Prime Minister of Poland when his country was freed and reunited after the last war. He will be eighty next year

Miss March Cost's novel, *The Dark Star* (Collins; 7s. 6d.), is also about artists—this time an actor and actress. This is a stagey book, in both the attractive and unattractive senses of the word. One sees Eden Loring returning from a world cruise, on which he has completed a cure for alcoholism, and hearing that the actress whose career he has made has had a disastrous accident. Behind this lies a love-story and the usual conflict between love and art. Fanny Wreath, from the moment Loring saw her wretched face looking out of an old-clothes' shop in Covent Garden, has been in love with him; but he has been concerned only in turning her into a perfect artist. Eden Loring is evidently peculiar: "An exceptionally long upper-lip had been a better indication of a character self-willed from birth." I often wonder where novelists get their astonishing science of physiognomy. The number of weak men with strong chins, and lowbrows with intellectual foreheads, does not upset their penetrating eyes at all. Still, half of the book, reconstructing Eden's early life in Scotland as an engineer and then his sudden success on the stage, is a conscientious piece of writing, pleasantly soaked in the theatre; and Fanny is so different from the stern egoism of Loring, that when one hears the whole story restated from her peculiar cosmic point of view, it keeps its interest.

"Mr. Cinderella," by Rex Stout (Faber; 7s. 6d.), is a slick piece of American farce about a scientist who unwillingly makes an incurably increasing fortune out of a lipstick, which, on parting, does *not* leave behind us footsteps in the sands of time. Safe osculation is secured for the million; but it is hell for poor Tully Clinker. Not only does a publicity vamp feature him as Mr. Cinderella, but he is trapped into a trade show "lousy with chic," and finds himself in a love-affair which "teeters up and down on a see-saw of biological frustration." I suppose this is another trade term. The Americans do this kind of thing—the book, I mean—very briskly, and, reading it on trains, buses and in pubs last week, I missed all the London air raids.

Films of the Day

In the Meantime, "Idiot's Delight"

By George Campbell

FAR be it from me to pull a Garvin on you: "The Cinema Whither?" or anything like that. But at the moment the film world is a bit chaotic. In some districts cinemas are open; in others they aren't. No doubt there are good, sound reasons for preventing crowded gatherings in places likely to be bombed. Some of us remember the catastrophes caused in theatres by false alarms. In one case a silly urchin's cry of "Fire!" was enough to start a stampede in which hundreds of people suffered a very unpleasant death. We don't want that sort of thing if we can prevent it, and obviously the authorities are right to be cautious.

But what about the day-time, when the chances of bombing, except possibly on the coast, are hardly worth troubling about? We hate to embarrass the Government at this grave hour—as the *Ecclefechan Chronicle* said in the last war, when demanding that something be done about the drains—but it does seem that they are being a trifle alarmist. I can see no reason why cinemas should not be open until dark, or even (outside the largest towns) till 10 or 11 in cases where the cinema has an effective shelter in the basement or near by.

After all, a good many people in the suburbs have no shelter at all—anyway, not near their homes. When a warning comes they assemble in the parlour and gaze at the aspidistras and their parents' wedding-group and the souvenir of Torquay, and just hope for the best. If a cinema collects a thousand of them right above a safe shelter, what more could they or Whitehall want?

UNTIL the West End cinemas are open—or at least the ones that serve the producers as shop-windows—heaven knows when you will see the new films due for pre-release. In the meantime you will have to be content with the general releases, already one week behind their original schedule. Assuming that this time-lag continues, you will be offered a choice this week of *Idiot's Delight, Made for Each Other, The Gang's All Here, The Face at the Window, The Hound of the Baskervilles, The Magnificent Outcast, Gentleman's Gentleman,* and *Man's Heritage.* Some of these I noticed in The BYSTANDER two or three months ago: others, when it came to pre-release, were coyly withheld from the critic's gaze.

THE best of a poorish lot is *Idiot's Delight.* Probably you saw Robert E. Sherwood's play—a highly intelligent, even distinguished, piece of writing by one of the finest living playwrights. The theme—the reactions of a group of people to the sudden coming of war—is only too topical just now; and there was something not wholly pleasing about the original finale, with the hero and heroine, left alone in the Alpine hotel, whooping it up at the piano as the bombs dropped nearer and nearer. This, in the film, has been changed. We gather that the first-rate courtesan and the second-rate hoofer live to enjoy the season in London that they have dreamed about. Which is fair enough, for the world is not all so stark and lethal as you might gather from the works of Feodor ("Boomps-a-daisy") Dostoievsky.

The premise of the play—that wars are begun by armament-kings for ends that the ordinary little man and woman don't understand—is already out-of-date. No doubt this war is going to have many disadvantages over the last one, which, in turn, was less enjoyable for most people than (say) the Boer War or Chitral. But at least it has one merit. There isn't a waitress or a postman or a bus conductor who doesn't know what it's all about.

This, however, doesn't detract from the merit of Mr. Sherwood's play, and it's a thousand pities the film doesn't follow it more closely. The early history of Harry Van, the hoofer, merely hinted at in the play, is entertaining enough in itself, but to make room for it they have to whittle down the arms-dealer, the pacifist and the scientist, and cut a good deal of the more significant dialogue. The result is much as if you diluted Napoleon 1811 with soda-water. Clark Gable's Harry Van is one of his better performances, Norma Shearer is adequate as the adventuress, and Edward Arnold and Burgess Meredith do their best to energise what's left of the arms-magnate and the pacifist.

"MADE FOR EACH OTHER" is what is called a woman's picture: a simple, sentimental little story of married life given quality by its truth. The young husband, nerving himself to ask for a rise, only to be forestalled by the boss's regretful notice that he is fired; the wife who can love him and yet have no illusions about his weakness; her clashes with her mother-in-law, the baby's illness, all the little intimate touches that fill in the home and office backgrounds and round off the character-drawing—these are extremely well done, and James Stewart and Carole Lombard have never been better.

"THE GANG'S ALL HERE" has Jack Buchanan, as a detective, and Googie Withers, as the inevitable dumb wife, engaged in recovering the Crown Jewels from American gangsters. *The Face at the Window* is the famous old melodrama, with Tod Slaughter stabbing right and left with a fiendish laugh and leering licentiously at a heroine purer than driven snow. *The Hound of the Baskervilles* is good enough to survive even the Hollywood improvements; *The Magnificent Outcast* is described by trade reviewers as "canine melodrama"; *Gentleman's Gentleman* is an unbelievably fatuous British farce exploiting Eric Blore; and *Man's Heritage,* starring Jackie Cooper and Freddie Bartholomew, is one more yarn of the sulky youngster redeemed by discipline, friendship and a timely realisation that he, too, had a mother.

"To You From Me"

Arthur Askey and Richard Murdoch at Work

"Band Waggon," originating in Broadcasting House, then going on tour, then running at the Palladium, has now gone to Shepherd's Bush to be filmed; and "Big-Hearted" Arthur Askey and Richard "Stinker" Murdoch carried on despite the unfavourable outlook for the entertainment industry, helping to pile sandbags in between-whiles

Sadler's Wells, *in a rather vulnerable position near the New River head, boarded and sandbagged itself with the help of some of the Vic-Wells staff. Here, John Wright, opera singer, and Henry Robinson, the stage-manager, stand by to hold planks while Pamela May and Joy Newton, dancers, saw. It is good news that the Vic-Wells ballet have now been able to start out on a new provincial tour*

Ernest Thesiger, *whose brother is a Rear-Admiral, was one of a party of stage people who rallied to the National Theatre in Museumland to sandbag its precious foundations. His last engagement was at Malvern, where he played in the new Shaw and two other pieces*

Taking No Rest

Stage-Folk, Though Out of Work, Made Plenty

Frances Day, *whose starry career in George Black's "intimate rag," "Black and Blue," was cut short by the war, plunged into service with the Army, gave a show in a tent last week for men of the [censored] Regiment, at [censored] in Surrey. Her style of entertainment on and off stage went straight to the military heart*

June Duprez, *though in a fairly neutral part of Buckinghamshire, set to work with her playwright husband, Dr. Guy Beauchamp, and built an air-raid shelter out of concrete, sandbags and corrugated iron. She was hurrying to finish "The Thief of Baghdad" for Korda at Denham*

Cubitt — Tooth

James Cubitt, elder son of Mrs. L. Cubitt, of Graitney, Camberley, and Ann Tooth, daughter of Mrs. Howard Tooth, of 38, Woburn Square, W.C.1, were married at Christ Church, Woburn Square. The week before, his brother, Charles Cubitt, married Rosemary Wills ("Bystander," September 13th, p. 415)

Duckham — Lawrence

Richard Duckham, only son of the late Sir Arthur Duckham, and Lady Duckham, of High Warren, Ashstead, Surrey, and Naomi Lawrence, youngest daughter of the late Sir William Lawrence, Bt., and Lady Lawrence, of Riverdale, Dorking, Surrey, were married at St. Martin's, Dorking

Magor — Graham

A wedding in India which took place before war broke out was that of Edward Walter Magor and Daphne Davis Graham, at Poona. He is in the Poona Horse, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. P. Magor, of Lamellen, St. Tudy, Cornwall. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. L. Graham, of Summerhill, Thomastown, Co. Kilkenny

Fayer

Mrs. Paul Barkla

Paul Cowell Barkla, F.R.C.S., son of Professor and Mrs. C. Barkla, of the Hermitage of Braid, Edinburgh, and Eleanor Harvard Davis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Harvard Davis, of 1, Park Road, Penarth, S. Wales, were married at Trinity Church, Penarth

Lenare

Mrs. Arthur Kayll

The Rev. Arthur Kayll, R.A.F., and Elizabeth Feilden were married at Lymington, Hants. He is the son of the Rev. J. Kayll, of Waihi, N.Z. She is the daughter of the late C. Feilden, adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theo Feilden, of Stratford Lodge, Watford, Herts.

Lenare

Mrs. H. A. Benson

Henry Alexander Benson and Anne Virginia Macleod were married at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington. He is the son of the late A. S. Benson, of Johannesburg, S. Africa. She is the daughter of the late Charles Macleod, and Mrs. Macleod, of 49, Avonmore Road, W.14

Dorothy Wilding

Mrs. Maurice Turnbull

Maurice Turnbull and Elizabeth Brooke, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Brooke, of Scunthorpe, Lincs., were married at Scunthorpe. He is the Glamorgan cricket captain, a Welsh Rugby and hockey international, and South Wales racquets champion

Fl.-Lt. Peter Gibbings and Miss Jeanette Kerr

Fl.-Lt. Peter Gibbings, R.A.F., son of the Rev. W. T. Gibbings, of Bowdington Rectory, Rugby, and Jeanette Kerr, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. McDonald Kerr, of Abertridwr, Glamorgan, were married at an East Coast R.A.F. station. On the left of the bride and bridegroom are Mrs. Grandy, matron of honour, daughter of Sir Robert Rankin, and Sq.-Ldr. J. Grandy. On the right are Pilot-Officer the Hon. Greville Baird, best man, and the Hon. Mrs. Baird

Pearl Freeman

Mrs. H. S. Stansfield

Capt. H. S. Stansfield and Angela Rennie were married quietly at Kintbury, Berks., after a month's engagement. She is the youngest daughter of Brigadier-General G. A. P. Rennie, of Osmington House, Kintbury, Berks. Captain Stansfield has now gone abroad with his regiment

Lenare

Mrs. John De Pree

John Bourlon De Pree and Veronica Hope McNair Snadden were married at Christ Church, Kippen, on September 9th. He is in a Highland regiment, is the youngest son of Major-Gen. H. D. De Pree, of Oak Hill House, Beckley, Sussex, and the late Mrs. De Pree. She is the elder daughter of W. McNair Snadden, M.P., and Mrs. Snadden, of the Coldoch, Blair Drummond, Perthshire

Hay Wrightson

Mrs. Tony Sheppard

E. N. (Tony) Sheppard, youngest son of the late Lt.-Col. E. Sheppard, and Mrs. Philip Lofts, of 38, Montpelier Square, S.W.7, and Rosamund Malua Neave, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sheffield Neave, of Mill Green Park, Ingatestone, Essex, announced their engagement on September 6th, were married on September 9th at Ingatestone Parish Church

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of War Weddings

Elliott and Fry

Mrs. Cecil Grenfell

Lt.-Com. Cecil J. Grenfell, R.N., and Diana Paston Cooper announced their engagement in July, were married quietly at Hambleton on September 8th. He is the second son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. John P. Grenfell, of Wymondham, Melton Mowbray. She is the daughter of the late Stephen Paston Cooper, of Hambleton Hall, Rutland

Capt. Hugh Walker Wilson and Lilian Rosemary (Billy) Kirke were married at All Saints', Witley, last Saturday. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. George Wilson, of Taunton, Somerset. She is the daughter of General Sir Walter Kirke, C.-in-C., British Home Forces, and Lady Kirke, of 94, North End Road, W.14, and Oaks Cottage, Enton Green

Catherine Bell

Captain and Mrs. Hugh Wilson

The Control of the Air

By Charles Ward

London, September 14th.

THE Government has taken over the control of all flying in or over the United Kingdom, and no movements may take place without a permit. Of the foreign companies working in and out of the country, K.L.M. and, to a smaller extent, Sabena, have maintained reduced services. The Scandinavian Air Express leaves our civil air base at 9.15 every morning and flies via Amsterdam and Copenhagen to Stockholm, where connections can be made to Riga and Moscow. Large "Douglas" liners, seating twenty-one, are used exclusively, and each has "Holland" painted conspicuously on the cabin, both top and bottom.

WAR in the air has developed on different lines over the Eastern and Western fronts. The Polish Army has felt almost the full weight of Nazi bombing power, and whereas there have been many battles in the air, large numbers of raiders have been successful. The disadvantage of blowing up the enemy's bridges, roads and railways is now being felt by the invaders, for their own advance is impeded by the bomb craters and the general disorganisation created by indiscriminate tactics. British air activity over Germany has been confined almost exclusively to reconnaissance, with excellent results. Time after time our pilots have gone out and home again without being engaged by enemy fighters. This state of affairs cannot last, of course, but meanwhile most valuable time has been gained. We intend to observe strictly the limitation of bombing to military objectives, provided that the enemy does likewise. The French Air Force reports extensive photographic raids behind the Siegfried Line, the object being to plan an offensive against supplies and reinforcements reaching the Nazi troops who are manning the Line. Neither allied naval or air activity over the sea has been reported.

THE entry of Canada into a state of war with Germany had been anticipated in the United States, and arrangements were well in hand for assisting Canada's aircraft industry so that she could supply Britain and France with the latest types. At the moment, no one can say whether the Neutrality Act will be revised in our favour. If the answer is in the affirmative, we can buy as many aircraft as can be delivered and transported or flown to Europe. On the other hand, there seems nothing to prevent purchases through neutrals who have no Neutrality Act. Canada's value to the Empire cause is threefold: it is a vast producing country of raw materials; its manufacturing possibilities are almost unlimited; finally, it breeds one of the best types of pilot in the world. The R.A.F. decided to train British pilots in Canada some time ago, and this scheme will be accelerated. But there are thousands of volunteers in Canada itself who will be trained to reinforce the R.A.F. Offers of assistance in the war have come from every Dominion and Colony, from the United States, and from Poles, Czechs, Austrians, and many others who hold anti-Nazi views. During the last war an American squadron distinguished itself in France long before America joined the Allies.

This photograph, taken over Germany before the war, shows pilots assembled prior to a mimic battle. Each 'plane is equipped with a camera-gun, so that a film record is available when the exercise has been completed, the path of the imaginary bullets and the position of the aircraft attacked being projected on to a screen

Wartime Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

TO the average citizen, the spate of new regulations consequent upon this country's excursion into war has come as something unusual. To the long-suffering motorist, however, used as he is to being hedged in on all sides by rules and legislation, the novelty of such "measures" has long since worn off.

Thus he has adapted himself and his car to the prevailing conditions with his usual efficient disinterestedness, although even he has found difficulty at times in following all the new requirements to the letter, and has had to rely more upon his well-proved common sense than upon the written word.

IN the matter of masking the lights on his car he has—if he has been wise—allowed himself to be guided by the realisation that in wartime his lights are purely for making the presence of his car known to other road-users and *not* for the purpose of illuminating the road ahead. Appreciation of this point enables a much more intelligent interpretation of the new lighting regulations.

Driving by night under these conditions is really something of an adventure. There are occasions—on country roads, at any rate—when one has to be able to guess rather well! A preknowledge of the road one is on is, of course, a tremendous help, but roughly the same technique as one employs when driving in thick fog is valuable.

First and foremost, extinguish your dash-lights—this will be found to be most helpful—and then cultivate the habit of keeping into the nearside of the road. The white lines now dotted down the centre of practically every road in the country are exceedingly useful if you start to "wander," but some of them (painted oft in the stilly night) are a bit inclined to wobble, and as they sometimes wobble *outwards*, it is as well to follow the nearside edge of the road, especially on right-hand bends.

DRIVING at evacuation-time taught me many things. First, it made me consciously aware of a point I had only previously noted subconsciously at Bank Holiday times. This is the number of accidents caused by inexpert drivers overloading their cars with luggage. A car which, through such overloading, develops tail-swing makes quite considerable demands upon the skill of its driver—particularly in the wet or on a reverse-cambered corner—and this is a prolific cause of mishaps.

Another thing which struck me during the time of evacuation was the wanton way in which many motorists—probably unused to long journeys by car—simply stopped when they got tired, without any consideration for other traffic. Anywhere outside a radius of about 150 miles from London one was likely to come upon cars pulled up on the crests of hills, just around bends, inside white lines, or about four feet from the verge in narrow lanes.

I HAVE always been a believer in car radio, but during the past three weeks I have realised more forcibly than ever what an absolutely indispensable accessory this has become. My own car is fitted with a Masteradio set which has rendered yeoman service and has been praised by innumerable strangers.

My own car, by the way, is black and cream as to its colour scheme, and, feeling that this motif was a thought flash-Alec, I seriously contemplated having it sprayed black all over. Now I 'm glad I didn't, for it is vastly safer to drive at night under present conditions and it has saved me the necessity of going round the bumpers and wings with a bucketful of whitewash.

WHILST on the subject of visibility and invisibility at night, I am naturally glad to note that cyclists are now compelled to carry rear lamps—an order which, I hope, will never be repealed—and I should like to appeal to all pedestrians abroad during hours of darkness to wear something light in colour and to carry a newspaper.

AND having appealed to pedestrians, let me now make a special request of my fellow-motorists.

Both by night and by day, use your intermediate gears as little as possible. Certain noisy gears set up a high-pitched whine which may easily be mistaken from a distance for a siren and may cause unnecessary distress to nervous people. In any case, restricted use of low gears will be rewarded by increased petrol economy—and that looks like becoming a factor now that we are on rations.

The greater economy of small cars is more than ever an argument against big cars in these days. Small cars, too, are notably better from the point of view of night-time visibility. Nevertheless, I am going on driving my 30-h.p. "monster" for just so long as I can afford to do so, for I have a strong personal preference for big-car "feel."

Of course, Sir John Simon may prove to be the ultimate deciding factor, for 30 h.p. at twenty-five shillings per horse-power, while a problem in peacetime, may well become an impossibility under existing conditions.

Unfortunately, the abnormal motoring circumstances of to-day afford no basis for comparison of revenue from the increased tax with any previous period, so the period before amelioration is likely to be prolonged as a result.

War Fashions

Medium Styles for Black-Out Wear

With ordinary shopping temporarily reduced to a minimum and the showing of autumn fashions and accessories interrupted or postponed, a flood of design and display ingenuity has been released in the direction of wartime gadgets. Go-ahead shops have raked out all their discarded summer stocks of white bags, belts, gloves, scarves, shirts; wholesalers have run up white gas-mask cases and hat-bands, painted hundreds of walking-sticks

Advanced Styles for Black-Out Wear

Designers, professional and amateur, are falling over themselves to find visibility stunts for night-walkers. The wild rush for black-out materials has given place to a strong demand for "white-in" stuffs — thick paper, American cloth, coarse calicos and linens, and anything else stiff, durable and shiningly white. These are made up into wide berthe collars, belts, arm-bands, gauntlet gloves, leg-pieces, umbrella rings. Whether the motorist will recognise as a human being the pedestrian so decorated or take him for a piece of street furnishing remains to be seen

The New Gas-Suit is Light, Quick to Put On, and—Well, Can a Gas-Suit be Becoming?

The four-ounce suit consists of trousers, jumper, hood and mittens, can be put on in thirty-five seconds (even when a roof-top wind turns it into a balloon barrage)

It is made of oiled silk in various colours, fits into an oiled-silk bag to match, weighs only four ounces (the same as the German weekly jam ration), is easy to carry

Gum-boots (if there are any handy) and mask complete the gas-proof outfit. Wearer studies the effect in her little bag mirror, represses an inclination to powder her "snout"

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

"Bystander" Spoon Competition

Until further notice a reduced number of spoons will be awarded in each division, in proportion to the number of cards received

THESE days are full of strange sensations, when first the present existence, and then the past, seems as if it must be a dream. At the moment, it is the war atmosphere which seems real, so that it was a positively uncanny sensation to chat over the telephone to Miss Pam Barton about the American championship: was this really the kind of news on which so much had once hung? But it was extremely interesting golfing news, and confirmed what had seemed part explanation of Miss Barton's getting beaten; the intense heat, and the fact that she had already gone to the twenty-first hole in the morning. Not only was the temperature 90 degrees; there was 89% humidity. After that, a mere refuge room will seem almost a haven of coolness to Miss Barton.

Then Miss Charlotte Glutting was in one of her most brilliant moods; three times in the eighteen holes did she lay an iron shot within a few feet of the pin, for the last time at the nineteenth hole, after she had as near as nothing driven out of bounds. A fine golfer is Miss Glutting, and, judged by that round, with a fighting spirit not unlike Miss Barton's own, so that it was all the more disappointing that she should get beaten by Mrs. Kennedy later on, especially after being five up and not many more to go. Miss Betty Jameson, who ultimately won the championship—I daresay you had forgotten, I had myself—partnered Miss Barton in the qualifying round, and played such impressive golf then that the English girl picked her as a big danger. Anyway, that was that, since when our own open champion has spent a good many days upon the high seas, calm enough as to weather conditions, but otherwise not exactly a health resort. Pretty hot and uncomfortable it sounded, going to bed in all your clothes, augmented by gas-mask and life-belt. However, here she is safely back, and not content with the sit-and-wait service which has so far been her portion with the London Women's Ambulance, she is seeking more active fields with the Women's Legion.

ON another page there appears the list of August spoon winners, the full thirty in each division which has been the peace-time ration. It seems a pity to give up those spoons altogether; there will be hard workers, in khaki or blue, and out of it, who will want their round when they can get it, and if they like to struggle with card and pencil and send us the results as usual, by all means let them do so. Spoons will be awarded in each division in proportion to the number of cards received in each. Not, of course, to the same number as usual, but enough to make it worth sending up, especially for those who, having already won a spoon or two, have a chance for the BYSTANDER yearly challenge cup. Now is a grand chance for the Overseas golfers. They at least are out of reach of A.R.P., and so may have more time for the game, though nobody doubts that they will be doing their bit just as wholeheartedly for the Empire as women over here, and perhaps with even greater zeal because of those visits paid to them by our International Touring teams in the last ten years. Miss Cecily Lascelles, of Royal Melbourne, who has been a constant visitor over here, is a winner this month, the card signed by another good Overseas friend, Miss Susie Tolhurst.

Engaged

Jessie Anderson, Scottish women's golf champion, 1937 British champion, has announced her engagement to George E. Valentine. Both of them come from Perth

Special Policeman Padgham

Alfred Padgham, who, shortly before the war, won the "News Chronicle" £1000 tournament at Brighton, is now standing by as a Special Policeman at Hayes

Even on a Golf Course

The gas-mask makes one of its most fantastic appearances on the peaceful, sunny, golfing scene. The player and his high-heeled companion here were walking after his drive at a Sundridge Park hole

WORPLESDON 1939 takes on a new complexion. Not mixed foursomes, except of the unofficial kind, but a stepping into the breach for the evacuation of children. The clubhouse was made the distributing depot for them; members and others gathered there on the fateful Saturday and Sunday, with food and drink and billets for distribution. Everything went perfectly with the organisation; Major Hind is reported, with some show of credibility, to have kept quite as calm, cool and collected with an evacuated baby on each knee as if he were merely sending off the first couple, and it was certainly no fault of the club if every billetee was not a perfect fit into his, her, or its strange environment. Yet going there on the following Sunday, such goings-on were hard to believe. Inside the clubhouse all was in apple-pie order; spotless white tablecloths in the dining-room, gay, with vases of michaelmas daisies; Anthony Duncan, this year's Amateur runner-up, looking now the very smartest thing imaginable in the uniform of the Welsh Guards, was preparing to drive off, amidst chaff over whether the gas-mask must go, too. And down beside the fifteenth hole the famous garden was ablaze with dahlias, deep crimson and bright pink, a mass of colour which would have tempted the most inveterate puller, or the straightest of pokers, to slice into them.

The supremacy of DUNLOP Tyres in world speed records and track and road racing, may seem of small importance to the average car-owner. Reflect, however, that it is these very tests that give DUNLOP experts the experience necessary to build into your DUNLOP tyres the safety and reliability for which the name DUNLOP is universally famous.

DUNLOP Fort

WITH TEETH TO BITE THE ROAD

The Wedding or the Jackal

(Continued from page 430)

his morning coat and replaced it with a cassock and surplice. In that way he procured for himself a perfectly comfortable and somewhat exalted seat, from which he took great care not to sing a note, in case anyone should discover something more than usual amiss with the choir.

His appearance in the choir procession stole a little of the thunder from the bride. Lady Anning whispered something about impudence which all the bride's friends heard; Mrs. Sylvester James, whose husband only came with her to weddings and funerals, leaned on him momentarily for support for the first time in her life; and Mrs. Jack Chrichton's delicious low-pitched laugh eddied about the prayer-books, much to the embarrassment of the lady in front of her, at whom everybody looked.

While Mr. Cribbage kept his voice silent, his expression was eloquent; and, as he stood and sat in comfort in the chancel, his coolness and composure lent a tone to the village choir, which raised it as near to being a heavenly one as it was ever likely to get.

The bride married, and Mr. Cribbage thanked for his condescension, the latter made his way back to his car, behind which the traffic stretched for a good quarter of a mile. There was only one village constable, and he was having such trouble with a horse which had sat down, because presumably it was tired of waiting, that Mr. Cribbage drove off without molestation.

He was not, however, by any means happy, and the thought of the speeches, champagne at tea-time, indigestible cake, and probable enquiries by the local parson for details of his appearance in "The Messiah," all put a curb upon his spirits.

The wind died down, and the lawn where the function was being continued was as hot as a grid. Mr. Cribbage, noticing Lady Anning bearing down upon him, dodged behind a tree, and from that point of vantage looked for Mrs. Jack Chrichton. He saw her with a cup of tea in one hand, and a glass of champagne in the other, talking to her round-faced companion with creditable animation.

He came across the lawn boldly, and touched the man on the arm.

"The bride wants a word with you," he said.

"Really," answered the round-faced man, all importance and flutter. "Excuse me, please."

Mrs. Jack Chrichton regarded Mr. Cribbage with hauteur. "Not very kind," she said.

"Never mind about that," he answered. "You 've got to do a faint."

"A faint! I 've never fainted in my life."

"Well, it 's never too late to start. I 'll hold your cup and glass. Now choose a patch of grass and flop gracefully."

"Why should I?"

"Don't argue; there 's the local padre and Lady Anning and the James woman's husband all converging on us at once."

"If Sylvester James is approaching, I 'll do anything." And without more ado Mrs. Jack Chrichton sank gracefully on the grass. Immediately Mr. Cribbage flung away the cup and the glass.

"She 's fainted," he said in a loud voice; and the crowd came at a run. "Air, that 's what she wants. Air." He picked her up in his arms. "Please everyone don't upset the party: I 'll see to her. A run round in my car and she 'll be perfectly all right; air, that 's the thing."

His action was so surprising that, before anyone could think of anything better, he had bundled Mrs. Jack Chrichton into his car and was driving away like a madman.

Lady Anning watched them with her lips pursed. "That is the most blatant thing I ever heard of; it 's on a par with Lady Caroline Lamb's disgusting exhibition with a bread-knife," she said. Involved in a Byronic argument with a young poet from Oxford, she spent the rest of the afternoon very uncomfortably, but Mr. Cribbage drove gaily on towards the sea.

"Why are we doing this?" Mrs. Jack Chrichton asked him.

"I couldn't bear to see you mixing your drinks," he said. "Tea and champagne!"

"Sure there wasn't another reason?"

"Quite," he answered firmly. Mrs. Jack Chrichton leaned back and smiled.

THE END.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, Hazelwood, Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts., *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON

SEPTEMBER

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

.....

The "Bystander" Ladies' Monthly Golf Spoons and Yearly Challenge Cup

Open to members of clubs affiliated to the Ladies' Golf Union in Great Britain, Ireland and Overseas.

The "Bystander" will continue, until further notice, to award a limited number of silver teaspoons (in proportion to the cards received) in each L.G.U. Handicap Division every month, for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on.

One spoon is also given monthly for the best gross return of the month relative to the scratch score of the course, if such a card does not win a spoon under handicap. Ties to be won by the card returned against the higher scratch score, a further tie by the player with the longer handicap. Winning names and scores will appear in the second issue of the paper each month.

Only scores taken out and returned for L.G.U. handicap purposes (*i.e.*, in Open or County Meetings, L.G.U. Competitions, or as Extra Day scores) during the month are eligible for the competition.

Each card, or true copy, must be signed by the player's partner, and also by the Club Hon. Sec., who must certify the Scratch Score of the course.

The Golf Coupon from any issue of the BYSTANDER during the current month must be attached to the first card sent in by each player during that month. Players may send in as many cards each month as the L.G.U. regulations allow them to take out, but no player can win more than one spoon during any one month, except that a player who wins in the Bronze Division can also subsequently win in the Silver.

Cards from players in Great Britain and Ireland must be sent to the Golf Editor, the BYSTANDER Office, Hazelwood, Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts., so that they reach her not later than the first day of the month following the one in which they are taken out.

Cards from players in the Dominions and from other Overseas clubs affiliated to the L.G.U. must be posted within one week of being taken out, accompanied by the coupon of the month then current in the country of posting. Such cards will be entered for the competition of the month in which they are received. A spoon will be given each month to the best card under handicap from an Overseas player if such card does not win a spoon in the ordinary way.

Yearly Challenge Cup

A Yearly Challenge Cup and memento will be awarded to the player winning the greatest number of BYSTANDER spoons during the year, irrespective of which Division she is in and whether the spoons are handicap, scratch, or Overseas. In the event of a tie, the Cup will go to the player having the best net total on the scores with which she won the spoons: if a further tie, to the best single score, and if a further tie again, to the player whose worst winning score is the least bad.

August Results: Silver Division (18 and under)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. Simmons	Cooden Beach	85	18	67	76	9 below
Miss M. Watts	Croham Hurst	81	17	64	72	8 "
Mrs. T. Smith	Seacroft Ladies	79	11	68	75	7 "
Mrs. O. R. Orcherton	West End (Halifax)	81	17	64	71	7 "
Miss E. Spackman	Northampton	82	14	68	74	6 "
Mrs. Buchan	Bradford	76	7	69	74	5 "
Miss Y. Ogilvy	Stoke Poges	80	9	71	76	5 "
Mrs. Macalaster	West Middlesex	80	12	68	73	5 "
Miss C. Lascelles	Royal Melbourne	79	12	67	72	5 "
Mrs. S. M. Green	Huyton	81	12	69	73	4 "
Mrs. Crawford	Birkdale	90	18	72	76	4 "
Miss P. R. Montgomery	Elie and Earlsferry	75	2	73	76	3 "
Miss D. Goldsworth	Birkdale	77	4	73	76	3 "
Mrs. R. Drake	Cleckheaton	76	4	72	75	3 "
Mrs. Brooks	Parkstone	74	4	70	73	3 below
Miss J. McIntyre	Lindrick	78	5	73	76	3 "
Miss R. Greaves	Nairn	77	5	72	75	3 "
Miss S. Urie	Troon	79	7	72	75	3 "
Mrs. Campbell	Huyton	78	8	70	73	3 "
Mrs. A. E. Smith	Rugby	83	14	69	72	3 "
Mrs. M. A. Best	Cleethorpes	81	14	67	70	3 "
Mrs. Knapton	Pannal	88	15	73	76	3 "
Mrs. B. Armitage	Bamburgh Castle	75	5	70	72	2 "
Mrs. A. J. Martin	Addington Palace	80	8	72	74	2 "
Mrs. Hardy	Sherwood Forest	86	14	72	74	2 "
Mrs. Ambrose	Camberley Heath	85	14	71	73	2 "
Miss K. Shelton	Dulwich and Sydenham Hill	88	15	73	75	2 "
Mrs. Medrington	Birkdale	81	6	75	76	1 "
Mrs. W. F. Slater	Sidcup	82	8	74	75	1 "
Miss I. Kemp	Worksop	83	14	69	70	1 "

Bronze Division (19 to 36)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss M. Esbester	Chevin	89	33	56	72	16 below
Mrs. C. L. Reynolds	Wollaton Park	94	34	60	73	13 "
Miss Elsie Lever	North Wales	98	36	62	73	11 "
Mrs. H. de Wynter	Grims Dyke	85	22	63	73	10 "
Miss I. Crombie	Aberdeen	94	35	59	69	10 "
Mrs. F. G. Briant	Helsby	103	36	67	77	10 "
Mrs. J. H. Clarke	Flempton	101	35	66	74	8 "
Mrs. M. F. Blair	Gullane	82	19	63	70	7 "
Mrs. E. Staniland	Woodhall Spa	96	29	67	74	7 "
Mrs. Marlow	Sale	98	32	66	73	7 "
Miss J. A. Clarke	Flempton	100	33	67	74	7 "
Mrs. R. Afford	Coulsdon and Purley	99	36	63	70	7 "
Mrs. Huntly Ness	Bamburgh Castle	86	20	66	72	6 "
Mrs. N. T. Brain	Jodhpur	91	27	64	70	6 "
Mrs. W. Tanner	Hamilton	95	29	66	72	6 "
Miss K. Robson	West End (Halifax)	97	32	65	71	6 "
Mrs. Worthington	Sale	87	19	68	73	5 "
Mrs. Duce	Barry	86	20	66	71	5 "
Mrs. G. Lane	Sherwood Forest	97	28	69	74	5 "
Mrs. Gunter	Worsley	98	30	68	73	5 "
Miss Medrington	Birkdale	107	36	71	76	5 "
Miss J. Hanson	Filey	93	23	70	74	4 "
Mrs. W. Fryer	Keppel	102	36	66	70	4 "
Miss L. Copley	Northampton	90	19	71	74	3 "
Miss R. Green	Bulwell Hall	87	20	67	70	3 "
Mrs. Smith	Hockley	97	28	69	72	3 "
Miss J. Granger	West Bradford	104	36	68	71	3 "
Mrs. Wright	West Bradford	90	21	69	71	2 "
Miss D. Hardman	Westward Ho!	98	24	74	76	2 "
Mrs. Green	North Hants.	95	24	71	73	2 "

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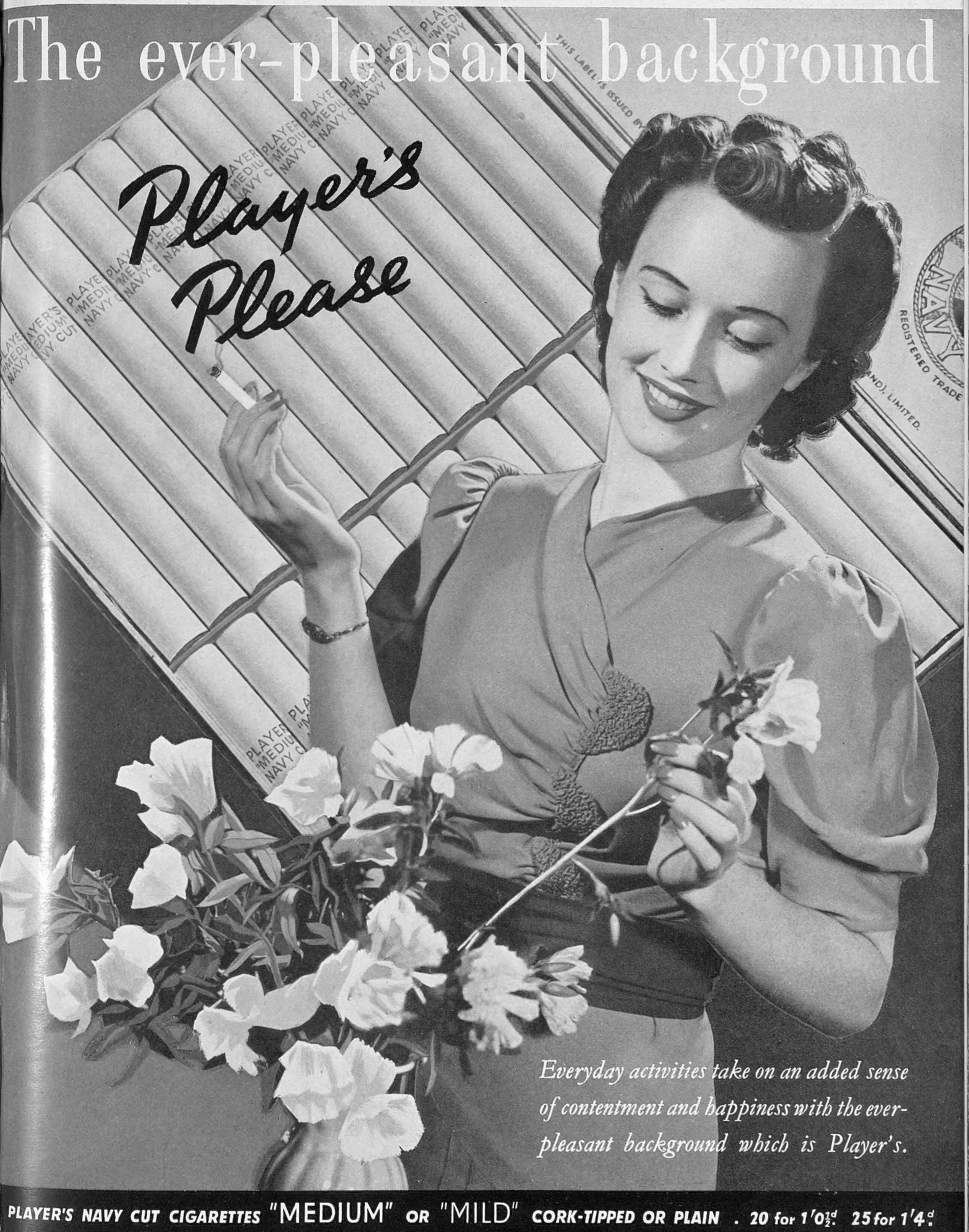
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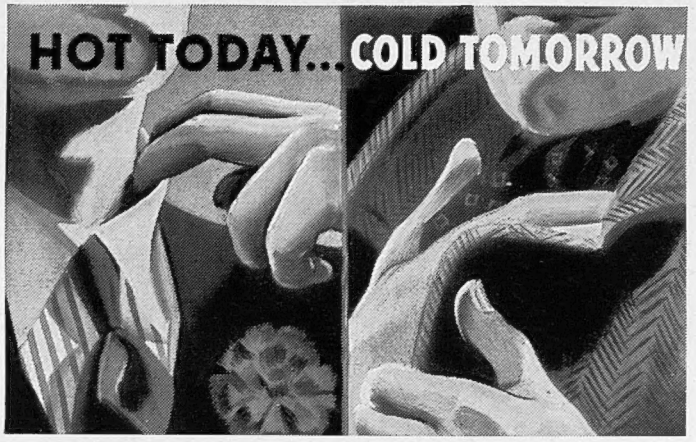

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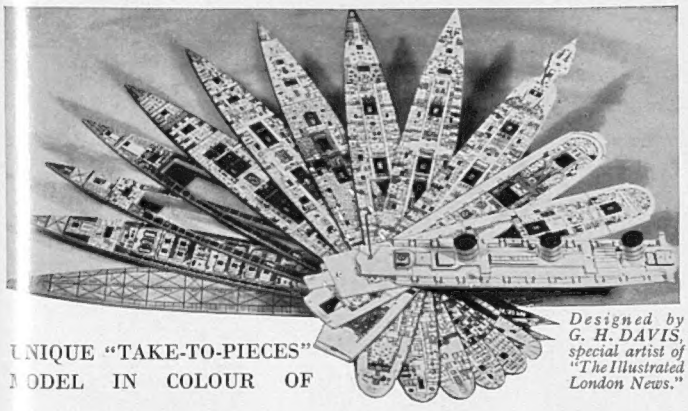

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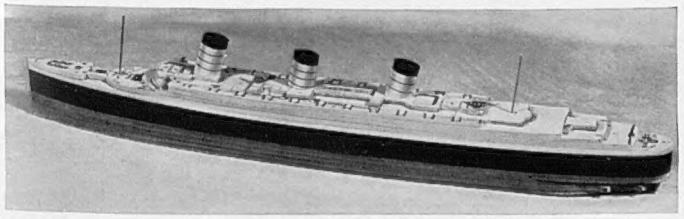

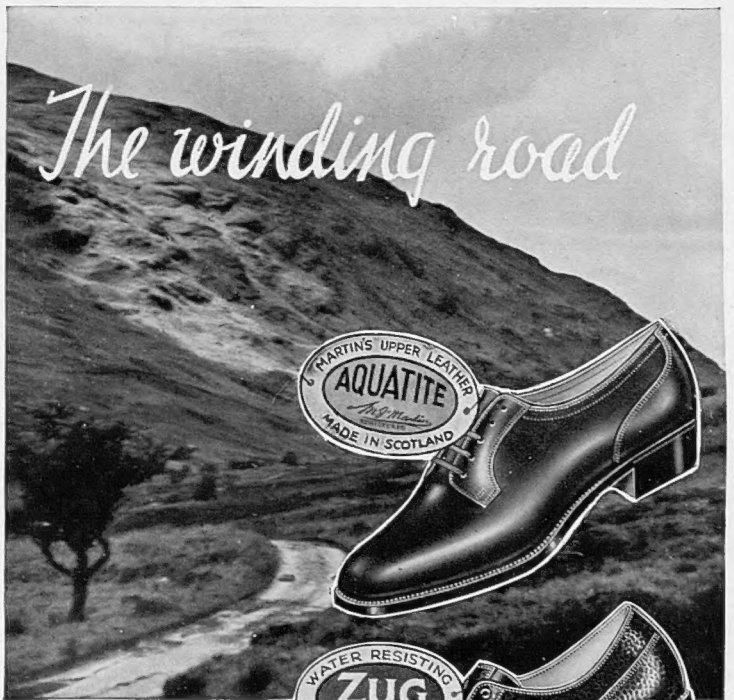

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